

## prize

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by [luckylikeyou](#)

### Summary

Clay is the star football player for his university, and it's becoming an embarrassing issue how he keeps showing up to practice with hickeys and scratches littering his body. The cheerleading captain most definitely has nothing to do with it.

### Notes

me again... back with more dnf smut.....

ill say it now i dont know shit about football or cheerleading so please forgive me

i wrote this all in one sitting just to see if i could do it so this is definitely not my best work  
HAHA i'm just finishing this now at 3 am so this is a product of horny sleep deprivation

also this fic involves getting caught in the act so if you get embarrassed easily be warned  
lol

Dream can hear his teammates' wolf whistles as soon as he pulls his shirt off over his head. He tries his hardest to ignore their teasing, but he knows his face is turning cherry red.

"Damn, Dream, what rabid animal attacked you?" one of his teammates jeers.

"Fuck off," he grumbles, reaching for his jersey.

“Your girlfriend must have had a good time last night,” another one calls out.

Dream ignores their words and pulls his jersey on to cover his bare torso, wincing. As the jersey brushes against the skin of his back, the fabric rubs harshly against the dozens of scratches littering his raw skin.

It’s becoming a problem at this point how often George, Dream’s boyfriend and captain of the cheerleading team, will leave marks on him. Dream tries to tell him to mind his nails when they’re having sex, but as soon as Dream pushes inside and starts to move, all rational thoughts seem to fly out of George’s head. It’s an incredible boost to Dream’s ego that he can make his boyfriend feel that good, but he’s not really sure if the teasing he has to endure from his teammates is worth it. It seems like every single time they have sex, Dream leaves with scratches down his back and bite marks on his collarbones.

The most annoying thing is the way his teammates poke and prod at Dream to get him to tell them who it is he has been fucking. They each have their guesses, random women from their university that they think have the hots for Dream. He wouldn’t be surprised if those girls genuinely did like him, but he doesn’t have the heart to tell them that he only has eyes for his perfect boyfriend.

Telling his teammates the truth isn’t an option. Dream isn’t out to anyone on his team, and while he’s not necessarily opposed to letting people know, he’s not sure exactly what would happen if it got out that the football team’s star player is gay and secretly dating the cheerleading captain.

“You’re a real player, aren’t you, Dream?” one of his teammates teases from across the locker room. “Nearly every time you come in, someone has scratched and bitten you all to hell.”

“There are rumors that you sleep around a lot,” someone says, obviously joking, but Dream can feel his blood boil.

“I am *not* a fucking player,” he snaps. Even though he knows his teammates are joking and purposefully trying to get him riled up, it’s still obviously working.

“Oh, so it’s just one person?” one of them asks, and when Dream doesn’t respond they let out knowing giggles.

“Introduce us to your girl sometime, yeah?”

Dream scowls as his teammate walks past him and runs his nails down Dream’s back in a teasing manner.

He really wishes they would mind their fucking business.

The team exits the locker room and walks out onto the field together, and to Dream’s surprise he sees that the cheerleading team is already out on the field, beginning their practice for the upcoming game.

It’s a problem whenever the football team and cheerleading team practice at the same time, because Dream has to stop himself from staring.

George is just so effortlessly handsome as he guides the cheer team around, helping them and leading their practice. He lifts up the flyers with ease, holding the tiny girls high in the air as they do their stunts, and gives them high fives when they come back down.

And don’t even get Dream started on the warm-ups. Watching George stretch and bend in ways most people find impossible has him getting warm under his collar. His flexibility has Dream

thinking thoughts he most definitely should not have in the middle of football practice. When George notices Dream watching and smiles at him, Dream's stomach does somersaults.

He's not the only one staring, though. Dream wants to scoff at how his teammates will drool over the pretty cheerleaders, but that would be severely hypocritical considering he's about to pop a boner just witnessing George do the splits. His teammates will go on and on about the uniforms the girls wear, nonstop commentary about their pretty little skirts. The men on the cheerleading team wear fitted pants instead, but that doesn't mean Dream hasn't thought about his boyfriend in one of the tiny skirts once or twice. Or more than that. Definitely more than that.

As Dream is watching George practice, he doesn't even notice when one of his teammates comes up beside him.

"Hot, right?" he says, elbowing Dream in the side. Dream is so focused on watching George he doesn't even realize that he has nodded in agreement.

"Hell yeah!" his teammate says, laughing. He probably didn't expect Dream to agree with him. "Ooh, is one of them yours?" he croons.

Dream is suddenly brought out of his trance at those words.

"I—uh, what? No, absolutely not," he stammers. When he turns to look at his teammate and sees the look on his face, he wants to shoot himself. His teammate is grinning like he just won the lottery.

"Boys, I think I just figured out who's been scratching up Dream over here!" He whoops, and Dream has to stop himself from decking him in the face.

Dream just forces himself to stand there silently as his teammates tease him, pointing at the now fading hickeys on his neck and making guesses at which cheerleader he has been fucking, all of them wrong. He sighs in relief when the coach finally calls them to begin practice.

...

*"Oh, fuck!"*

George's moans echo off the walls of Dream's apartment as Dream rocks his hips into him. Dream has been pent up since the teasing he endured at practice, and now he is unfortunately taking it out on his sweet boyfriend.

"All the boys made fun of me today," Dream grunts out as he keeps the fast pace. "Did you want that when you left all your marks on me?"

"No, no, I didn't mean to, it just felt so good," George whimpers, grasping at the sheets. "Feels so good."

"I'll just have to show you how it feels," Dream whispers in his ear, almost threatening. "Want me to mark you up? Show everyone you're mine, just like you did to me?"

George nods with a breathy whine.

Dream's mouth immediately attaches to George's neck, his tongue licking up and down the expanse of pale skin. The pace of his hips slow down as he takes his time sucking and biting at George's throat, leaving marks all across his neck. The pretty noises that are forced out of George's mouth are like music to his ears. He can feel his boyfriend tremble underneath him as he

leaves one last bruise on his collarbone.

Dream leans back to admire his work. George is fucking gorgeous underneath him, and maybe now Dream can see why George likes to leave marks on him. Just the image of George walking around with hickeys on his neck for everyone to see, proof of the fact that he belongs to someone, is so hot. Dream can understand why George will apologize but never actually seem sorry for leaving marks.

Now that he has finished painting George's neck a pretty red and purple mess, he starts fucking him with a renewed vigor. Little moans are forced out of George's throat with each rough thrust, and Dream can tell he's getting closer. George threads his fingers in Dream's hair and tugs his head down so that their lips meet. The kiss is messy as George's body gets jostled with every movement, but neither of them seem to care.

George's hands suddenly come up to Dream's back and his fingernails dig into the skin. Dream wants to tell him to stop, but he's too focused on chasing both of their climaxes. It doesn't take long for Dream to come, spilling into the condom. He quickly jerks George off as well, and when George comes, Dream winces as he feels his fingernails dig even deeper into his skin.

After Dream pulls out and they clean up, he crawls up behind George and wraps an arm around his waist, spooning him. George sighs in content as Dream runs his fingers across the hickeys on his neck.

"So your solution to getting teased for your boyfriend leaving marks all over you is to do it right back to him?" George says with mirth in his voice.

"When you put it that way it sounds dumb," Dream huffs. "I was just giving you a taste of your own medicine."

"Well, now we're both gonna show up to the game this weekend covered in bites and scratches," George retorts.

"My whole team already has a hunch I'm fucking one of the cheerleaders. Let's just hope they don't put two and two together," Dream says with a smile, nuzzling his face into George's neck and earning him a giggle.

...

The buzzer marking the end of the game rings loudly across the stadium. Dream can hear the roar of the crowd around him, and he is suddenly swarmed by his teammates, jumping and cheering loudly. He feels like he's almost in a dreamlike state, everything around him blurring together. He joins his teammates' bone-crushing group hug.

They won.

He can feel an ear-to-ear grin spread across his face, and he throws his fist into the air and cheers alongside his team. Adrenaline and the high of winning is coursing through his body as he celebrates the last game of the season.

Dream suddenly spots George out of the corner of his eye. He's standing with the cheerleading team a couple yards away, smiling brightly at Dream. Dream gives him a weak thumbs up and George laughs at him. Ever so subtly, George gestures for Dream to follow him. Dream doesn't even offer an explanation of his departure to his teammates, he just follows George without question.

George disappears inside the interior part of the stadium. Dream runs to catch up with him, grabbing him by the wrist.

“I won,” Dream says, beaming.

“Yeah, I know, dumbass,” George says with a soft smile. “Now follow me.”

Dream wordlessly follows George until they’re inside the locker room.

“George, what are we doing here?” Dream asks, but instead of responding, George just grabs Dream’s wrist and tugs him further until they’re in the bathroom connected to the locker room. George drags Dream into a stall and locks the door behind them.

“Congratulations on the big win,” George says before tugging Dream down by the collar of his jersey to kiss him.

Dream’s hands come up to cup George’s face as they kiss. They’re both sweaty and a little out of breath, but it’s still nice. The kiss turns from gentle to more heated as George nips at Dream’s lips needily, licking into his mouth and letting out soft noises. When Dream tries to pull away, George tightens his grip on the collar of Dream’s jersey and pulls him in for more. They kiss hungrily for a few moments before George finally lets Dream retract.

When Dream gets a good look at George’s face, heat pools in his stomach. George’s eyes are dark and his cheeks are ruddy, he’s panting breathlessly, and just the way he’s staring at Dream makes him shiver.

“What’s got you so desperate, huh?” Dream asks.

“You,” George says with no hesitation. “You’re so fucking hot when you’re playing,” he whispers, his hands beginning to feel up Dream’s biceps. “So strong.”

Dream groans at George’s words. He never knew his strength was that much of a turn on for George. All the ideas that pop into his head at this new revelation have to be filed away for later, for when they have more time.

“I wanted to give you your prize for winning,” George says with a mischievous look on his face.

“Prize?” Dream repeats.

George doesn’t respond but instead drops down to his knees in front of Dream, in effect telling him everything he needed to know.

“Fuck, baby, right here? Are you sure?” Dream asks, gently resting his hands on top of George’s head.

“Do you not want it?” George asks with a sly grin as he rubs Dream’s erection through his pants.

Dream groans. “God, of course I want it, but we’ll have to do this quick. It won’t be long until someone comes looking for me.”

“I can do that,” George says, wasting no time in hooking his fingers in Dream’s waistband and pulling his pants and underwear down his thighs.

The concentration in George’s eyes is so sexy as he opens his mouth and gently takes the tip of Dream’s cock in. His tongue runs along the slit, making Dream struggle to stifle a moan and thread

his fingers in George's hair. George is so desperate as he quickly takes Dream down as far as he can go without much difficulty. He's had a lot of practice.

George is so criminally good with his mouth, Dream has to stop himself from shutting his eyes and throwing his head back at the pleasure. Instead, he wants to watch the way his boyfriend's pretty pink lips stretch around his cock.

"So fucking good, baby," Dream praises. "Can I fuck your mouth?"

George nods his head enthusiastically, and that's all the permission Dream needs.

He uses the grip he has on George's hair to tug him down his cock harshly. George braces himself with both hands on either of Dream's thighs, looking up at him with watery eyes. George's mouth feels so fucking good, Dream doesn't even feel bad when he pulls George down too far, causing him to choke.

"Bet you were thinking about this the whole time," Dream whispers through his breathy moans.

Dream knows his boyfriend, and therefore knows he's enjoying himself in this moment. It's unfairly hot how George gets off solely on sucking Dream's dick, moaning and trembling like he's the one being touched. He groans around Dream's cock every time Dream pulls his hair, sending heavenly vibrations from his throat.

"I don't know if this is more of a prize for me or for you, considering how much you're enjoying this."

Dream pushes George's head further down his cock until his nose is pressed to his stomach. Dream holds him down until he's squirming for air and then lets him go, George pulling off and coughing slightly. Dream would be worried he went too far if not for the way that George immediately goes back down on him, taking him in all the way once more.

Dream thrusts in and out of George's mouth shallowly, enjoying the feeling of his hot, wet mouth around him. He's about to say something to George, maybe praise him more, when he hears footsteps walking towards the bathroom.

Dream can feel his heartbeat start to race as they get closer, and he uses his grip on George's head to pull him off and hold him still, slick lips merely inches away from his hard dick. George seems to have noticed the footsteps too and he looks up at Dream with widened eyes.

Before either of them can think of what to do, the person swings the bathroom door open and enters.

"Dream?" a voice calls out.

*Shit.* It's one of his teammates looking for him. It's only a matter of seconds before he notices the two people standing in one stall, one of them on their knees. The silence is deafening as his teammate doesn't speak for a good ten seconds.

"What the fuck?" the voice whispers, and Dream's fears have been confirmed.

"Dude, are you seriously getting a fucking blowjob?" he asks. When Dream doesn't respond, he says, "I know it's you, Dream, I can see your goddamn cleats."

"Thanks for the observation, asshole, can you leave now?" Dream grits out, trying not to sound breathless.

“Whatever, but you better be out in ten because we’re about to leave for a celebration dinner.”

Dream tries to respond but instead has to muffle a moan as George leans forward and takes him into his mouth once more. He can hear his teammate mumble something about him being nasty as he leaves, but Dream’s attention is switched back onto George’s sinful mouth.

“Fuck, I can’t believe that just happened,” Dream whispers under his breath. He fucks into George’s mouth with more intensity than before.

“You really couldn’t wait till we got home, huh? Had to push me into a stall because you’re so desperate to suck my dick?” he growls.

George nods his head as best he can with his mouth full of Dream’s cock. Dream can see George’s hand down in his own pants, jerking himself off. He can feel himself start to near his orgasm.

“Can I come in your mouth?” Dream moans out. George hums in approval, and just that is enough to send Dream over the edge.

He tightens his grip in George’s hair and pushes him down as far on his cock as he can go, holding him there as he releases down George’s throat. He lets out a breathy moan, releasing his come into George’s mouth and holding him still to ensure that he swallows all of it. He can both feel and hear the strangled moan that comes out of George’s throat when he comes, too.

George squirms under Dream’s relentless grip that still has him forced down on his cock. Dream finally lets him go, allowing George to pull off his dick and inhale some much needed air. George pulls his hand out of his pants, his palm now covered in his own come.

Dream helps George stand up on his wobbly legs, and they slowly unlatch the stall door and step out. There’s no one else in the bathroom, so they take their time washing their hands and fixing each other’s uniforms.

As they stand together in front of the door to exit, Dream looks over at George.

“You know my uh... my entire team will probably be outside in the locker room,” Dream says awkwardly.

George runs his hand over his face.

“Fuck it, let’s just get this over with,” he mumbles.

Dream hesitantly opens the heavy bathroom door, wincing at the horrendous creak. He steps out to find his teammates sitting in the locker room, looking at him with knowing grins on their faces. Dream turns around to see George still standing inside the bathroom, and he gestures for him to come out as well. With a pained expression on his face, George walks out into the locker room as well.

Dream would have laughed at the pure shock on his entire team’s face if he were in different circumstances. Their eyes are wide and some of them have their jaw dropped open as the two of them stand there with bright red faces. The silence is broken when someone wolf whistles.

“When I heard Dream was fucking one of the cheerleaders, I didn’t expect it to be that one!” one of his teammates says with a cackle.

“Holy shit, you’re the one who has been tearing his back to shreds?” another says, gesturing towards George who frowns at him.

Dream wants to hate this, but he can't help but to begin to laugh at the absurdity of the situation. George smacks his arm, but he's laughing now, too.

"Guys, can we just go eat now and deal with this later?" Dream pleads.

"Whatever you want, but just know you're never gonna live this down," his teammate says with a roll of his eyes.

Dream rolls his eyes, grabbing George's hand and lacing their fingers together. That gains them another wolf whistle, but Dream ignores it as he drags George out of the locker room, hand in hand.

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